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the current year \$1,870 have been paid in weekly allowances—in sums of from \$5 to \$260—to the sick, of whom there have been 27. To the widows and orphans—now 32 in number—have been paid \$1,974.37.

As the fund now stands, the Society is able to grant the full allowance to the sick members, widows and orphans, but enough funds have not been raised to enable the Society to carry out its original and grand idea, of giving annuities to the worn-out musicians who become incapacitated by age and infirmities from following their profession. Something might and ought to be done by the public for this Society. Surely a life devoted to Art should not be left in its old age to the cold hand of charity. There should be Monnier Concerts, and the proceeds devoted to a comfortable home for the aged musician.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," sweet, also, is the feeling one experiences on witnessing a play which he has been waiting to see for some two or three months. Whether this last was the sensation which fired the hearts of the audience who witnessed "Treasure Trove" at the Olympic on Tuesday evening I know not, but, at all events, they must have been in a very happy state of mind, as that long looked for "story of buried gold" was received with vociferous applause, and the large audience went home at 11½ p. m., in a contented state of mind and a shower.

"Treasure Trove" is a conglomeration of "Monte Cristo," "Con Oregan," and the "Canongate Legends," deftly weaved together by the able hands of De Walden; it is not original, but, shades of Bourcault! it is very sensational! Dying convicts, dissecting tables, rescues from drowning, total ruin and general grief are its main features, and form a series of incidents which rivet the beholder by their absorbing interest.

Allen Pierce (Clark) is a surgeon, a respectable and energetic young man who is stationed at Blackwell's Island, where he is visited by his cousin, Larry Barnes, Esq. (Stuart Robson), a barkeeper and somewhat inclined to rapidity. We are introduced to these two worthies in the first scene, and are made to listen to various reminiscences of their youth, when the warden enters and informs Pierce that Hastings (Whalley), a convict, has been found dead in his room, requesting the surgeon to make a post mortem examination to ascertain the cause of death. Larry, who is of a rather nervous turn of mind, not liking the idea of witnessing a dissection, leaves the room as the body is brought in. Now Master Hastings is not dead at all—not by any means—and when he is left alone with Pierce he jumps from the dissecting table and endeavors to escape. In this laudable desire he is balked by the surgeon, however, who after a severe tussle orders the refractory convict to surrender himself to his keepers. Driven to extremities, Hastings offers Pierce one half of a large amount of gold and jewels which he (Hastings) has buried at Spuyten Duyvel Creek; this offer Pierce, like a virtuous young man, indignantly refuses, which greatly incenses Hastings, who, after much

wrangling, jumps through the window and endeavors to escape, he is seen by the guard, however, fired upon, wounded, and, returning to the surgeon's room, dies to slow music.

It is needless to say that Pierce repairs to Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and, having unearthed the treasure, becomes a rich man.

We next find him at Saratoga, where he is cutting a swell and playing corresponding havoc among the fair *habitués* of that healthful (?) summer resort. Master Pierce, however, has set his mind upon marrying Grace Suydam (Miss Kate Newton), but Miss Suydam cannot make up her mind to marry him, and it is not until he rescues her from a watery grave in the Falls of Canagaga that that delectable young lady is in any way affected by the tender passion.

This brings us to New York, where Pierce has been speculating largely in "Erie;" "Erie" has gone down and our hero is ruined. In this plight he repairs to the "Home of the Suydams," to bid farewell to Grace, but Grace utterly declines to be bid farewell to, and insists on marrying out of hand, claiming as a token of their engagement an opal brooch which Pierce always carries with him. This brooch, *en parenthese*, is part of the stolen treasure. The next thing is to obtain the consent of Suydam *père*, which proves to be no easy matter, that worthy gentleman setting down Pierce as somewhat of an adventurer. During his conversation with his daughter the opal brooch, glistening upon her breast, catches the eye of the stern parent, and snatching it from her he pronounces it to be a portion of a large amount of jewelry and money that was stolen from his late partner, who was murdered and robbed at Spuyten Duyvel Creek. Matters begin to look pretty black for Master Allen, but Grace believes in his innocence, and vows she will follow him to the end of the world. Being a stage heroine she could do nothing less. "Every black cloud has its bright silver lining," however, and Suydam *père*, touching a spring in the brooch, discovers a miniature of his late partner's sister, who turns out to be Pierce's mother—the treasure was his by rights after all. "Erie" takes a favorable turn, he is a rich man again, he and Grace are decorously married in Grace Church, and we have "The End in Peace."

There's incident and sensation enough compressed into four acts to satisfy the most exacting theatre-goer in all conscience!

The acting is good throughout, Mr. Clark playing the surgeon well, Mr. Whalley investing the convict with considerable dramatic power, while Mr. Robson as the enthusiastic bar-keeper is droll to the last degree. Of the ladies, Miss Kate Newton and Miss Harrison are deserving of particular mention, the first as the fashionable belle and the latter as a slatternly chambermaid are capital.

The scenery is good from beginning to end, and among so much excellence it is almost impossible to make distinction, "The Grounds of the Union Hotel, Saratoga," "The Falls of the Canagaga," and the "Interior of the New York Stock Exchange," however, appeared to excite the particular approbation of the audience—and audiences, after all, are the only judges for whom the managers care one fig.

Boothroyd Fairclough made his first bow at the French Theatre on Monday evening, in "Hamlet," being greeted by a large audience and considerable applause. The gentleman is of the amateur, amateurish, and can hardly hope to achieve any decided success. With the exception of Mr. Gotthold's Ghost, the performance was simply funny.

Hackett plays Falstaff for the last time, this season, at the Broadway to-night; it is a performance full of many points of rare excellence, and is unquestionably the best Falstaff upon the stage. Next week we are to have Lucille Western and a dose of the "emotional drama"—whatever that is.

The Worrell Sisters have been parodying Byron's clever burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," during the week to crowded houses, who appear to be perfectly delighted with the vagaries of Sophie, Irene and Jennie. This is a case where criticism is useless and congratulation unnecessary.

SHUGGE.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

III.

PARIS, March 6th.

The transition from the British Kingdom to the French Empire is so sudden that the mind is scarcely prepared for the entire change that meets both eye and ear. The dull, murky, English sky is replaced by a bright cerulean canopy, flecked with floating, gold-tinged clouds; the sun's rays have an intenser glow, and even the birds' songs a livelier melody. Everything has a gayer aspect as soon as you set foot upon the soil of France. The bright, glittering uniforms of the *gens d'armes*, the pretty white caps of the peasants, and the priests in their long, flowing robes, give to the streets a novel and altogether picturesque appearance. The strange accents of a foreign language fall with bewildering effect upon the ear, notwithstanding you may be familiar with all the complications of its grammar, and you listen with intense surprise to the dexterity with which even your coachman manages the language with its infinite inflections, not even hesitating at those troublesome little words *en* and *y*.

The night was not far spent when our little boat reached the "jetty" which runs out into the sea seven or eight hundred yards, and upon which stands a light-house and signal-mast. The old town of Boulogne was quite animated by the anticipated approach of the tidal boat. A large crowd had assembled upon the *Quai des Paquebots*, where lights flashed out upon the night gloom, and wild shouts and snatches of gay *chansons* reached us long before our boat rested in her moorings.

This old and prominent sea port has been wonderfully augmented in importance by the present Emperor's declaration in his "Vie de Cæsar," that after much research he has decided that Boulogne *sur-mer* is the long-disputed Portus Itius from whence Cæsar sailed for Britain in B. C. 55; but as eighteen cities have claimed identity with Portus Itius, the testimony examined is too voluminous to be reproduced here.

Not only has Boulogne a historic interest im-

posed by Cæsar, but for centuries it has enjoyed a reputation for being especially favored by Heaven; and to establish this claim to divine favor many legends are preserved by the Church; the one given by the Abbé Le Roy, Canon, Archdeacon and Official of Boulogne, I will here relate. He states that during the reign of Dagobert I. in the year 636, a boat without either pilot or sailors on board was seen to enter the port of Boulogne, which the sea by its extreme calmness seemed to respect. A brilliant light shed its rays over the boat, and caused many people to run to the shore to see what it contained. They found on board an image of the Holy Virgin about three feet six inches in height, beautifully carved in wood, and carrying the Infant Jesus upon her left arm. This image had over its countenance an indescribable expression of majesty and divinity, which appeared on the one hand to repress the insolence of the waves, and on the other sensibly to solicit the veneration of men. Now while the people who had been attracted to the shore were wondering, and adoring this charming spectacle, the Holy Virgin appeared to those who were assembled in the chapel, engaged in offering up their accustomed prayers. She appeared to them in great brilliancy, and informed them that the angels had conducted the boat to their shore, wherein they would find her image. She then ordered them to bring this image into the chapel, where it was to remain until they should build a church worthy of her. The church was accordingly built, and the image placed therein. This report spreading over the country inspired devotees with the desire to visit a place of so great sanctity, and hence the annual pilgrimage to Boulogne which is still observed by the pious. This image excited the hostility of Huguenots and infidels, and it has suffered every indignity at their hands. Attempts have been made to destroy it; it has been buried and burned, so that all that now remains of it is a hand, enclosed in a golden heart and suspended from the neck of the new statue of the Holy Virgin which stands upon the altar in the Cathedral of Boulogne—a handsome edifice erected upon the foundations of the original chapel.

As I had only a few hours to spend in this quaint old town before the morning train left for Paris, I devoted a portion of the time to visiting this celebrated Cathedral, which I found enriched by many fine paintings and statues. One, placed above the high altar, representing the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, I noticed as being presented to this Cathedral by Louis Philipp. Another altar piece depicts Our Lady arriving in her boat, with a brilliant star shining down upon her. Hundreds of native offerings were suspended upon the walls, made by devoted pilgrims. I regretted not having heard the organ, which has the reputation of being very fine, and which is played every afternoon from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The old custom of blessing the sea is still continued in Boulogne. It occurs annually upon the first Sunday in October. The procession is composed principally of those engaged in maritime pursuits, and is headed by the clergy, who upon arriving at the shore enter the water up to their knees, and invoke a solemn benediction upon the sea.

Boulogne has been the temporary residence of many celebrities; among them, monarchs, poets and authors. It may be remembered that Le Sage was residing here at the time of the publication of his most famous work—"Gil Blas." He was buried in the cemetery adjoining the Cathedral before mentioned. Perhaps I may be pardoned for here relating an episode that occurred not long before his death. In his later years, this talented author took a strong aversion to the drama, although he had previously written for the stage, consequently he was so offended upon learning that his eldest son had become an actor under the name of Montménil, that he refused to hold any communication with him. After several years had elapsed, Montménil's profession brought him to Boulogne, where he was ignorant of his father's presence. It happened that the comedy in which he was to appear was one of Le Sage's best productions. One of his father's friends, anxious to effect a reconciliation between them, induced Le Sage to accompany him to the theatre. Upon arriving there what was Le Sage's astonishment to learn that his son was to perform the principal rôle in one of his own comedies! The acting was so admirable that not only the audience were in transports, but even Le Sage was compelled to join in the applause. After the play, the friend who had purposely persuaded Le Sage to witness this representation, brought Montménil to his father's box and introduced him, saying, "*Embrassez votre père, car c'est à votre talent que vous devez d'avoir reconquis son amitié.*" "Montménil, mon fils, je te pardonne," stammered Le Sage, and pressing him to his heart he added, "*Je te voulais avocat, et me voilà satisfait, car tu viens de gagner la plus difficile de toutes les causes.*"

Everywhere in Boulogne I find trace of the first Empire; while driving along the cliffs I passed the obelisk that commemorates the spot where Napoleon, seated in the throne-chair of Dagobert I., distributed the decorations of the Legion of Honor to the Grand Army. To make this ceremony more imposing, the decorations were presented to him in the helmet of the famous Du Guesclin, and upon the famous shield of the renowned Chevalier Bayard. I also saw a splendid bronze statue of the first Emperor, representing him in his coronation robes. The height of the column is scarcely less than that one in the Place Vendôme in Paris. The statue is approached by a very steep road, with which there is an anecdote connected that may be of sufficient interest to introduce here.

It is well known that Napoleon was very fond of driving, and that he had a high opinion of his skill in managing horses. One day while driving along this road with Generals Rapp, Monge and Cambaceres, he commanded Cæsar, the coachman, to dismount and give him his seat on the driving box. The carriage was drawn by five very spirited horses, which required great strength and judgment to drive them. No sooner was Napoleon seated upon the box, and had taken the reins in hand, than the horses, instinctively knowing that Cæsar had abdicated, set off at a full gallop towards the sea. Thereupon the uncrowned Cæsar roared to the Emperor, "Sire, to the left, pull them to the left, and give the reins

to the second grey to the right." "Hold your tongue, Cæsar, I know what I am about," returned the Emperor. The horses, however, claimed and acquired the sovereign power, much to the terror of Cambaceres, who imploringly inquired, "Ah mon Dieu, Sire, where is your Majesty going to?" "What a coward you are, Cambaceres," was the answer, "don't you see that I am driving as I should?" "Certainly," said Rapp, who enjoyed Cambaceres' fright, despite his own dangers, "Your Majesty is driving us straight to England, where we so badly want to go." Napoleon lashed the horses, Cambaceres urged him to pull up, Monge, white with consternation, clung to the carriage door, until the wheel came in contact with a large stone and upset the carriage, and the horses immediately stopped. The Emperor was thrown a considerable distance and fainted, Cambaceres escaped with a blow on the forehead, Monge's hat was crushed, and Rapp and Cæsar alighted on their feet. Assistance was immediately rendered to the Emperor, who took some time to recover, on which, notwithstanding their plight, the whole party laughed heartily, and when Napoleon got up he handed the whip to Cæsar and said, "I must render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; I have had enough of coachman's work, and accordingly resign."

Boulogne is half the distance from London to Paris. The two towns of the most importance on this route are Abbeville and Amiens, but as our train was forty minutes *en retard*, we made no stoppage until we reached the imperial city. The declining sun was gilding the turreted dome of the Tuileries, as we entered the Gare du Nord.

CECILIA.

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, May 14.]

THE GREAT ORGAN IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

The great organ in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the largest instrument ever built in the United States. Its success must be very gratifying to its builders, who have received the following letter from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of the church:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 7, 1867.

Messrs. E. & G. Hook, Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen:—In reply to your request, it gives me great pleasure to express my admiration for the noble organ which you last year placed in Plymouth Church. It has given the utmost satisfaction, and even the criticisms that have been made upon it were complimentary: for it assumed that it belonged among the very first of remarkable organs, and it was criticised from that high point of view. I have yet to hear one member of Plymouth congregation speak of it but with delight and enthusiasm.

For myself, though I was well pleased from the first, yet every week my pleasure is renewed, and my appreciation of its noble qualities deepens. I owe you an unpayable debt of gratitude, and it ought to afford you great satisfaction to know that you have built an instrument so admirable and grand, that, hereafter, it must be mentioned in every history of the organ, and continue, for generations, to be quoted as among the triumphs of skill.